#763
Conf Pam #763
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SONG.

MARYLAND

IN FETTERS!

How beautiful in tears!
Dear noble State;
Encumbered round with cares,
Thy grief, how great.
The spoiler's foot upon thee,
His ruthless hand is on thee,
With manacles he's bound thee,
Hard is thy fate!

Mother of wretchedness
I feel for thee!
Bow'd down in deep distress,
I kneel to thee!
I see thy wretched woes,
Thy agonizing throes,
And sympathize with those
Who'd set thee free!

Thy tears are those of blood,
Sweet mother dear!
An accumulated flood
Of wrongs severe!
Thy honor's trampled under,
Thy peace is rent asunder,
God of the rattling thunder,
Oh! lend an ear.

Break! break! the traitor's chain,
Oh! God of heaven;
And from our down trod land
Let them be driven!
Let Lincoln know his place,
Let black men know their face,
And from our injured race
All wrongs be riven!

Wolf C 103

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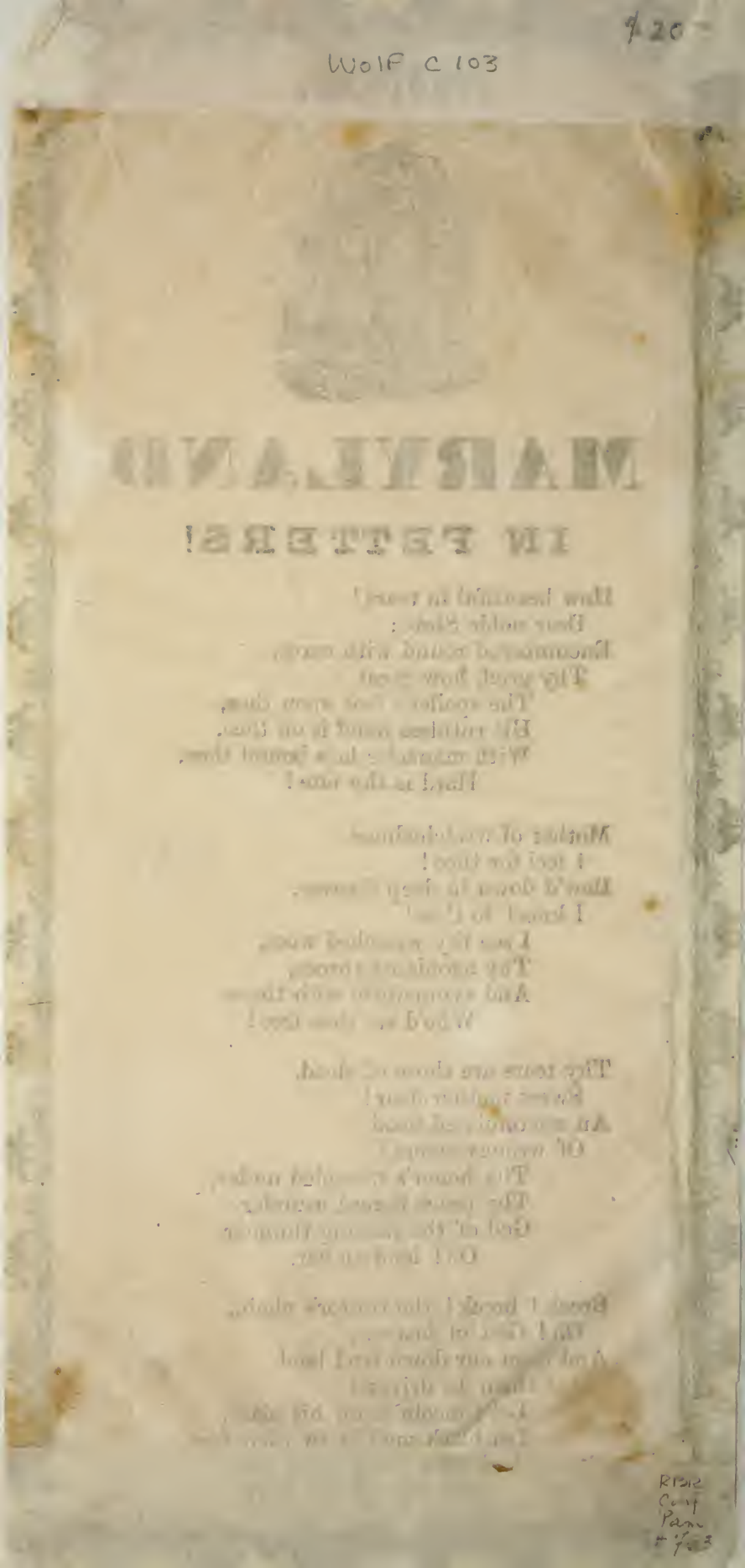

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